THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—"*A safe* COMPANION, *and an* EASY *Friend.*"—Pope.

VOL. I. BALTIMORE, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1805. No. 28.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

The following letter from a learned correspondent, containing some ingenious and original thoughts on the invention of letters, is with pleasure laid before my readers.

Writing is an improvement upon Speech, and consequently was posterior to it in order of time. Its characters are of two kinds: signs of things, and signs of words. Thus the pictures, hieroglyphicks, and symbols, employed by the ancients, were of the former sort; the alphabetical characters, now employed by Europeans, of the latter. BLAIR.

Mr. Easy,

HAVING purposed to write to you concerning the invention of letters, (those symbols by which we signify sounds) I think it will be proper first to enquire if any and what kind of writing was in use among mankind before that invention; and on searching into the accounts we have of the early ages of the world we are informed the *Egyptians* had two different methods of assisting the memory, and transmitting accounts to posterity. Their Priests lived a kind of recluse life, and if they abused the world with magick and astrology, they also instructed it in the rudiments of real science.—The method first invented is called *Hieroglyphick* or *Sacred Sculpture*. This was cutting on obelisks set up for the purpose in different places the figures of men, beasts, and inanimate things; beside obelisks, we are told by *Ammianus Marcelinus* they had on the west side of the Nile, not far from the sounding statue of MEMNON (which was broke down by *Cambysis*,) certain long narrow and crooked subterranean passages cut in the rock called syringes, on the walls of which were carved innumerable figures of men and other things; which as they explained them, contained their *History*, their *Religion*, and all their *Learning*. The invention of this *Hieroglyphick* is ascribed to THOTH one of their most antient Kings; he is also called HERMES and MERCURY, he was certainly a person of great estimation among them, and is much celebrated. After his death, he was deified according to their custom, and the first month of their year, named *Thoth* after him.—But cutting images and drawing pictures is in a manner natural to men even the most barbarous, it is not I think likely that *Thoth* first invented it, but probable enough that he first employed images and pictures to a narration of facts, religious ceremony and the like—In books of travels in *Egypt* we commonly see plates of those *Hieroglyphicks*, copied from the obelisks, and we have still some preserved among ourselves.—Those pictures of a *Ram* a *Bull two Twins*, &c. which are drawn round the figure of a man on the first or second leaf of our Almanacks are true antient *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks*, representing (as they explained them) the months of the year. We are told, that *Thoth* gave strict charge to his children and successor, to cultivate and improve this art, which no doubt was complied with for some time; but after some generations, another king named SUPHIS and SIPHOAS, and HERMES DEUTEROS or second MERCURY is said to have invented another method of writing, shorter and easier than the first, called *Hierogramma* or *Sacred Letter*. I will explain it as well as I can. It was the most prominent feature of the *Hieroglyphick*, for instance, instead of the whole *Ram* or *Aries*, was drawn only the face and horns of that animal. The same of the Bull and so of the other signs of the Zodiac, as we see under the *Hieroglyphicks* in the Almanack. Thus the *Hierogramma*, still retained some likeness or resemblance to the *Hieroglyphick*, in the mark or character for it, and was much easier and more expeditious in writing.

We learn from MANETHO that this SUPHIS ordered all the *Hieroglyphick* writings to be copied into books written in the *Hierogramma*, and these books to be lodged in the temples of their Gods, and that he (MANETHO) composed his history of *Egypt* from these books. In this manner of writing, it was easy to invent marks for words, that have no images, and since the original words in the antient languages were not very numerous, marks might be, or were invented for them all, and thus a complete manner of writing ob-

tained, having this advantage over ours of the present time, to wit, that these marks not being confined to particular sounds, agreed equally to all languages : as the *Chinese* and *Japanese* at this day use the same writing (a sort of *Hierogramma*) which is read in *Chinese* in that country, and in *Japanese* in the other, though their languages are said to be very different. This manner of writing, continued in use till about or near the time of CADMUS, he is said to be the son of AGENOR king of *Phenicia*, and sent out by his father in search of his siter EUROPA,* who had been stolen and carried away ; after a long and fruitless search he at last settled with his followers at Thebes, in *Beotia*, and introduced our present manner of writing, with letters signifying sounds: at that time they were but sixteen, the others have been added since by persons now unknown. It appears to me that these letters were no other than the Egyptian *Hierogrammata* ; my reason is, because the name of each of these letters, signifies something in the *Phenician language*, for instance the first letter *Aleph* signifies a *Leader* or *Captain*, the second *Beth* a *house*, third *Gimel* a *Camel*, the fourth *Delith* a *door* and several are taken from parts of the human body, as *Resh* the *head Pe* the *mouth*, *Shin* a *tooth*, *Ain* an *Eye*, *Iad the hand* &c. and these letters originally bore some resemblance to the thing signified by the name, *Aleph* was drawn representing the *Body*, arms and legs of man, *Beth* like the outline of a round hut, *Resh* was round with a downward stroke for a *Neck*, *Ain* perfectly round like our O, *Shin* like three teeth, *Tad* had resemblance of a *hand* with fingers, &c. but seeing there is no natural connexion between things as represented by the *Hierogramma*, and sounds, every person was at liberty to change the *Cadmean Letter* signifying a sound, to any form suiting his own fancy or whim ; hence the *Cadmean Letter* was soon so altered, as not to resemble the *Hierogramma*, and their names also among most nations were forgotten or laid by as useless, except only in the country where they originated, where they signified other things beside letters ; with this only exception that the name of the first letter *Aleph* is still continued in all the Alphabets that use this manner of writing ; the *Arabs* and *Persians* call it *Elif*, the *Syrians*, *Olaf*, the *Armenians*, *Alp*, the *Copts* of Egypt *Alfa* and the *Ethiopians*, though far removed from the native country of letters, retain still that letter by the name of *Alf*, but they place it in the middle, not in the first place of their Alphabet, which does not consist of letters but of syllables, of which they have 202. The other nations of Africa, use the *Arab writing*, as far as I hear. All this sufficiently shews that these people had their letters from the same original.

The first writing with *Cadmean Letters* that I have heard of, was the name of AGAMEMNON on his Tomb, written backwards in the oriental manner. *Chronologers* differ in their accounts of the time AGAMEMNON lived, after Cadmus ; some say 300 years, others not much above 100. HERODOTUS says he saw severl *Tripods* in the temples dedicated in *Cadmean Letters*, some in *Hexameter* verse. A plate of brass, was taken out of the Tomb of ALCMENA, 900 years after her death. on which were many strange letters, that none of the Greeks could read, it was therefore sent by order of king AGESILAUS into *Egypt*, to the Priest CHONUPHUS, who comparing it for three days with books of ancient letters reported to the king that it was that kind of letter used in *Egypt* during the reign of PROTEUS, who we learn lived about the time of the *Trojan War*. The laws of SOLON who lived about five hundred years after AGAMEMNON, were written on pieces of wood, in the manner called *Bustrephadon*, that is, one line written forward in our manner, and the next backward as the *Phenicians* write and other eastern nations, like furrows ploughed in a field, such slow progress did learning make among the Greeks.

CADMUS is no where said to have invented letters, only to have introduced them into *Greece*. Certainly some person before him invented them, because writing in the days of CADMUS had attained some degree of perfection, but of the inventor we have no account. Permit me for amusement, to suppose the incident that suggested this invention, fabulous writing being now in fashion. A Phenician gentleman *Cui meliori Luto finxit Præcordia Titan*, was travelling in the country, and came to a house, and seeing a little boy at the door, asked the question, *Mi aleph Beth ?* who is master of the house, and is answered with great simplicity *Abi*, my father ; it occurred to the gentleman, that the answer was made in half the same sounds of the question. It also occurred to him that *Sounds* were not near so numerous as *Words*. On his return home he for his amusement set himself the task, to collect all the sounds of his language, he found but sixteen in number. As he went on in this collection of sounds, in order to remember and distinguish them, he marked them with the *Hierogrammata* of words of the same, or beginning with the same sound, remembering to place *Aleph* and *Beth* i. e. A and B which had first suggested this thought, at the head of this

* EUROPA was carried into *Crete* by JUPITER; she was after this *faux pas* married to ASTERIUS, and was mother of MINOS and RADAMANTHUS who were eminent men, and co-temporary with Theseus of Athens,

collection. Thus the *Hierogrammata* of these words were the first letters in use among mankind.

I have been tiresome I fear in the account I give of this invention, but few words could not explain my thoughts of it. *Baltimore County.* x.

" If the end is good it justifies the means."

Mr. Easy,

This is the language of a certain class of writers who (possibly from a wish to reform) pour forth torrents of satire against the fair, ignorant, or unmindful that the apparent malignancy of the satirist, tends to rouse the indignation rather than excite to emulation the delicately tinged minds of that sex, whose weaknesses should claim our pity, and whose softness renders severity unmanly.

Our papers teem with the efforts of *learned beaux*, who without regarding the *beams* in their own eyes, attempt to pluck out the moats, from their sisters, and have undertaken the difficult and generally speaking ungrateful task, of reformation ; and following the paths cut out by Pope and Swift—but without the genius to make severity palatable, have commenced their effusions, with the idea that " Every woman is at heart a rake."

We will suppose gentlemen that your intentions are generous that you have the interest of woman kind at heart, and intend by reducing them thus low, to have the merit of rescuing them from the depths of frailty ; kindly resolved ; but methinks that the experiment of damning to salvation is a little dangerous ; convince the ladies that they are rakes and you will make them so, that they " have no character at all," and who can reclaim them.

To what source shall we trace this seeming deviation from the designs of nature ; you all assert that the principal study of the present race of women is to decorate themselves for public show, that although they have implanted in them the capability for more exalted pursuits, the same talents that are innate in man ; they allow themselves to be carried away by the whirlpool of folly, at the meridian of life become its prostitutes, and a fair mark for the shaft of satire.

We will suppose for a moment that but few of our Belles have so far cultivated their understandings, so far rationalized (if I may be allowed the expression) their ideas, as to receive pleasure from the more permanent springs of felicity, from the pursuits of religion, or literature. This must arise from the design of a sovereign arbiter, or from some relative cause.—The acknowledgement of equal talents forbids the first, lovely woman never could have been created to conform herself to the ideas of man, when degraded to the puerile state of a modern beau, but still from education, from habit, or perhaps from vanity, there arises a disposition to please ; we may assert then, that from this disposition, proceeds the taste for dress, for balls, for theatres, gentlemen have become connoiseurs in these matters, and therefore they draw the attention and study of the ladies. It would be fruitless to urge that it is degrading to woman to endeavour to please, when to succeed she must be guilty of the grossest folly, it is a principle implanted by nature, and must have its effects.

Then gentlemen for your sakes are the follies of women committed, for you they dress, dance, and chat agreeable nonsense ; have they not found by experience that, when some one lady has departed from the beaten track, and acquired useful information, that a display of a refined understanding will not carry the palm from a pair of fine eyes, white hands, and the gaudy decoration of person ?—But to come to the main point at once, who of you lords of the creation, generally termed beaux are competent to a literary converse? you can to be sure discant most eloquently upon the shape of a foot and ankle, calculate to a nicety at a game of cards, you have the names of some celebrated authors, committed to memory, and are perhaps most exquisite judges of book binding.

You've been in all the foreign countries,
And to prove clearly you're no dunces,
Recite the names of painters, many
In It'ly known, of the productions can ye
Give some account ? " O yes I ween
" The nails they've hung on, have I seen,
" Whose virtues were so great I swear
" That had the paintings still been there,
" My knowledge could'nt be more perfect ;
" So high were my ideas exalted."

Come then reformers and satirists suppose you begin yourselves to acquire a taste for rational enjoyment, let not your " sum total" of knowledge consist in the cut of a vest, or a sagacity at the game of whist, philosophise upon other subjects than the confined air of a ball room, or the rarification of air by the fire of a ladies eyes ; in short, let all of you who have ideas, commence immediately and gradually intersperse them in your discourses, if you do this I will predict a total change in all ; the ladies ever anxious to please, will instantly acquiesce, and you by this effort will certainly deserve their praise. P.

A false friend is like the shadow of a sun-dial, which appears while the sun shines, and vanishes at the approach of the smallest cloud.

No persons are more empty than those who are full of themselves.

We have never felt more interested in the perusal of any Biographical work than in the following account of Mr. *James Hay Beattie,* written by his father, the celebrated professor of moral philosophy and logic in the university of *New Aberdeen,* author of the *Essay on Truth,* the *Minstrell,* &c. As few persons have had an opportunity of reading it, and as we believe it calculated to call forth the best feelings of our nature, to instruct, and to excite a spirit of generous emulation—we shall give some portion of it to our readers in every paper till it is concluded.

I intend to write a short account of the life, education, and character, of my Son now deceased. It will innocently, and perhaps not unprofitably, amuse some hours of this melancholy season, when my mind can settle on nothing else; and, whether it be published or not, a circumstance on which I have as yet formed no resolution, it will be an acceptable present to those to whom I may send it. The account, though drawn up by the hand of a friend, will not in any particular be erroneous. In order to convey a favourable notion of the person of whom I speak, I have nothing to do, but to tell the simple truth.

JAMES HAY BEATTIE was born in Aberdeen the sixth of November, in the year one thousand seven hundred and sixty eight. He was baptized *James Hay,* by permission of JAMES HAY, EARL OF ERROL, who had patronized me at an early period of my life, and ever after honoured me with his friendship: a nobleman, who, to a competent knowledge of classical learning, and other accomplishments becoming his rank, joined uncommon elegance, dignity, and affability of manners; with benevolence unbounded; an exemplary regard to the institutions of religion; and a spirit of true patriotism, whereof those parts of his country, with which he was connected, do still feel, and it is hoped will long feel, the salutary influence.

To parents, and other near relations, infancy is very interesting; but can hardly supply any thing of narrative. My son's was in no respect remarkable, unless, perhaps, for a mildness and docility of nature, which adhered to him through life. I do not remember that I ever had occasion to reprove him above three or four times: bodily chastisement he never experienced at all. It would indeed have been most unreasonable to apply this mode of discipline to one, whose supreme concern it ever was to know his duty, and to do it.

The first rules of morality I taught him were, to speak truth, and keep a secret; and I never found that in a single instance he transgressed either.

The doctrines of religion I wished to impress on his mind, as soon as it might be prepared to receive them; but I did not see the propriety of making him commit to memory theological sentences, or any sentences, which it was not possible for him to understand. And I was desirous to make a trial how far his own reason could go in tracing out, with a little direction, the great and first principle of all religion, the being of GOD. The following fact is mentioned, not as a proof of superior sagacity in him (for I have no doubt that most children would in like circumstances think as he did,) but merely as a moral or logical experiment.

He had reached his fifth [or sixth] year, knew the alphabet, and could read a little; but had received no particular information with respect to the Author of his being: because I thought he could not yet understand such information; and because I had learned from my own experience, that to be made to repeat words not understood is extremely detrimental to the faculties of a young mind. In a corner of a little garden, without informing any person of the circumstance, I wrote in the mould, with my finger, the three initial letters of his name; and sowing garden cresses in the furrows, covered up the seed, and smoothed the ground. Ten days after, he came running to me, and with astonishment in his countenance told me, that his name was growing in the garden. I smiled at the report, and seemed inclined to disregard it; but he insisted on my going to see what had happened. Yes, said I carelessly, on coming to the place, I see it is so; but there is nothing in this worth notice; it is mere chance: and I went away. He followed me, and, taking hold of my coat, said with some earnestness, it could not be mere chance; for that some body must have contrived matters so as to produce it.—I pretend not to give his words, or my own, for I have forgotten both; but I give the substance of what passed between us in such language as we both understood.—So you think, I said, that what appears so regular as the letters of your name cannot be by chance. Yes, said he, with firmness, I think so. Look at yourself, I replied, and consider your hands and fingers, your legs and feet, and other limbs; are they not regular in their appearance, and useful to you? He said, they were. Came you then hither, said I, by chance? No, he answered, that cannot be; something must have made me. And who is that something, I asked. He said, he did not know. (I took particular notice, that he did not say, as Rosseau fancies a child in like circumstances would say, that his parents made him.) I had now gained the point I aimed at: and saw, that his reason taught him, (though he could not so express it) that what begins to be must have a cause, and that what is formed with regularity must have an intelligent cause. I therefore told him the

name of the Great Being who made him and all the world; concerning whose adorable nature I gave him such information as I thought he could in some measure comprehend. The lesson affected him greatly, and he never forgot either it, or the circumstance that introduced it.

At home, from his mother and me, he learned to read and write. His pronunciation was not correct, as may well be supposed: but it was deliberate and significant, free from provincial peculiarities, and such as an Englishman would have understood; and afterwards, when he had passed a few summers in England, it became more elegant than what is commonly heard in North Britain.—He was early warned against the use of Scotch words and other similar improprieties; and his dislike to them was such, that he soon learned to avoid them; and, after he grew up, could never endure to read what was written in any of the vulgar dialects of Scotland.

When he had compleated his seventh year, being now a good reader, a ready writer, and well acquainted with the catechism published by the pious and learned Dr. Watts, I made him attend the grammar school of Aberdeen; where he acquired, with facility and exactness, the elements of the Latin tongue, and read those parts of the classick authors which are usually taught in our schools. About the same time he studied at home with me some of the best tales in Ovid's Metamorphosis, and several books of Virgil. I was at particular pains to instruct him in certain niceties of the grammatical and critical art, which are not found in the most common grammars, and by little and little to initiate him in the principle of universal or philosophical grammar. This, he told me afterwards, was of great use to him. Ovid did not much engage his attention, though he was well enough pleased with Deucalion's deluge, Phaeton, Cadmus, Acteon and his dogs; but it was easy to see, from the interest he took in Virgil's narrative, and the emphasis with which, of his own accord, he pronounced his verses, that he was wonderfully affected with the harmony and other excellencies of that poet. He has told me since, that he then got by heart several entire books of the Eneid, and took great delight in repeating them when at leisure and alone: and he often, about this time, spoke with peculiar complacency of that description of night, in the fourth book (v. 522) which he said he frequently recollected, in order to sooth his mind, when any troublesome thought occured in the night to discompose him.

Drawing he was early accustomed to, and attained considerable proficiency in: but his other avocations, and his being subject to headachs, prevented his applying to it so much as to become a very great proficient. The theory of perspective was familiar to him. In ludicrous *caricatura* he had boundless invention.

Knowing that his constitution was very delicate, and finding him inclined to study rather too much than too little, I was careful, in the first part, and indeed through the whole, of his life, not only to caution him against immoderate study, by informing him of its dreadful consequences; but also to contrive for him such amusement as would decoy him from his books, strengthen his body, and engage his mind. With this view, as soon as he could handle a small musquet, I put him under the tuition of a sergeant, who taught him the military exercise. Not long after, I made him attend an expert fencing master, till he became very skilful in the management of the small sword. Archery, likewise, or shooting with the long bow, he practiced for years, and with good success, reading Roger Ascham on the subject; and acquiring at the same time great dexterity in the use of the sling: and to these antient exercises he added those of fishing and fowling. With firearms I did not trust him rashly; but he was to such a degree attentive and considerate, that before his fifteenth year I found him as worthy of that trust as any person could be. He laboured for several weeks in endeavouring to learn to swim, and had at that time a companion who was completely master of the art: but it appeared at last that the chilness of the sea-water did him more harm than good.

The exercise to which he seemed to have the strongest disinclination was dancing. By my advice he attended a master of it for many months, and I believe made the usual progress; but, on leaving that school, begged I would never desire him to dance: a favour which I readily granted. I know not whether he had adopted Cicero's opinion*, that no man dances who is not either drunk or mad: but he told me, that to his habits of thinking and feeling it was extremely incongruous, being in most particulars too finical, and in every particular too ostentatious.

He left off fowling, when about the age of seventeen; in his papers of that time I find hints of his being not quite satisfied of its lawfulness. Fishing, however, he did no discontinue; he made indeed a study of it, or at least of Isaac Walton's very ingenious and entertaining book on that subject: for he thought there could be no sin in doing what was practised, or countenanced, by the first teachers of Christianity. Those sorts of it he never engaged in, which give great pain, or protract the sufferings of the poor animal. In all the little manufactures of the angler he was completely skilled; as well as in all the

* Pro Muraena.

arts of the fowler, even to the training of a setting dog.—This, with many other trifling particulars (as some would think them) I mention, that the reader may see, it was not my purpose to force him, by too rapid a progress, from childhood into premature manhood; which I have seen attempted by well-meaning parents, but never with desirable success; I wished him to prepare himself, in early youth, by little and little, for acting the part of a man; but, in the meantime, not to forget that he was a boy.

At the age of thirteen, having passed through the forms of the grammar school, giving the utmost satisfaction to all his masters, he was entered a student in Marischal college. The first, or *Greek*, class, as it is called, he attended two years; as I was anxious that he should be a proficient in that noble language, which is every where too much neglected: so that, as a student of languages, mathematicks, aad philosophy, he attended college five years: a year more than is usually thought necessary in Scotland, or at least in the university of Marischal college, to qualify one for the first Academical degree, of Master of Arts. He studied Greek under Mr. Professor Stuart; Natural and Civil History under Dr. Skene; Natural Philosophy under Mr. Professor Copland; Mathematicks, under Dr. Hamilton; Chemistry, under Dr. French; and Moral Philosophy, Logick, and Rhetorick, under my care.—In all the sciences, his proficiency was so great, that the fondest and most ambitious parent could not have wished it greater; and his whole behaviour, at school and college, was not only irreproachable, but exemplary. He was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts in April 1786. *(To be continued.)*

ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO ELVIRA.

To thee, Elvira, empress of my heart,—
'Ere far from hence, my wand'ring footsteps part,
Deprest by fortune, rent with bitterest woe,
The last sad accents of my sorrows flow.
Tho' now, nor life, tranquility or joy,
My words can ask for, or my lines destroy,
Yet, as to thee, than all on earth more dear,
They bear the farewell of a heart sincere;
Not with a breast where no distraction strays
My spirit dictates, or my hand obeys;
For all the warm affections of my heart
With you appear, and as you go depart,
To you tends each sensation of my soul
True as the needle trembles to the pole.—
Oft every hour my thoughts review the days
Which gave your beauties to my eagar gaze,
As oft the impressions which delighted fame,
Made on my heart, united with your name,
('Ere first revealed, you bless'd my ravished eyes,)
Come to my soul, and in my mem'ry rise;
I call to mind, what sweet sensations thrill'd
Through all my frame, what joy my bosom fill'd,
'Mid the dim room, where hush'd each whisp'ring noise
I heard the soft, sweet accents of thy voice.
Oft I review the hours in thought beguil'd
With you employ'd, when all creation smil'd;
The social evenings whose too swift career,
Converse and books, combin'd to render dear,
The pleasant walks, when spring awoke the day
When beauty triumph'd and the world was gay.
O then array'd in heavenly beauty bright,
You look'd all lovely to my raptur'd sight,
Visions of night and images of day,
Bade o'er my soul your lov'd ideas stray,
And every hour that fancy made you mine
Was taught with some resplendent bliss to shine;
Deceitful views! that still awake the sigh,
Still fill with tears the melancholy eye,
With pale, and livid agues shake my frame
And fire my bosom with a fever's flame,
We should have liv'd the happiest pair on earth,
Form'd for each other nature gave us birth,
And minds and manners, taste and fortune strove
Alike in each, to warm with mutual Love.
What joys, what raptures, what transporting hours,
Blest in our loves, Elvira had been ours;
The rolling sun, had run his annual course,
And seen return'd their undiminish'd force,
Month after month, had lightly pass'd away
Nor known one instant unrejoicing stray,
Days in succession had delighted view'd,
With love unceasing all our joys renew'd,
And every hour with feathery foot that hies,
And winged moment that so swiftly flies,
Laden with bliss and extacy had mov'd,
And to the admiring world our passion prov'd!
But now, dark clouds these prospects overcast,
Their beauties shrink from sorrows blighting blast;
With lyon rage, destruction treads the green,
And desolation hovers o'er the scene;
That bright succession of supernal joys,
One dire misfortune instantly destroys;
And from the height of beatific bliss,
Hurls me to sorrow's terrible abyss.
I fondly thought domestic joys to prove,
The sweets of filial and connubial love,
And fancy open'd on my ravish'd view,
A fairy land of pleasures always new:
But with stern eye and desolating hand,
Fell disappointment waves her frigid wand;
Before its power my promis'd joys decay,
And expectations, transports, fleet away.
I see thee coldly, unrelenting, led,
A thoughtless victim to the marriage bed
Of one to whom fair nature ne'er design'd,
Or gen'rous passion, thou should'st e'er be join'd;
To thee unlike, who feels no genial heat
Dilate his heart, and in his pulses beat,
Whose soul—alike unmov'd by joys or woes,
One dull unvarying temper only knows;

And whom, nor taste, nor genius, save in dress
And in mechanic arts, have deign'd to bless.
Coldly he takes thee to his languid arms,
With face phelgmatic, gazes on those charms
Which all my soul with frantic passion fill—
Those charms my breast with joys tumultuous thrill;
Whose love to heaven might teach my hopes t' aspire,
Warm'd with the influence of seraphic fire.

O call to mind the energies of speech
Which lively passion taught my voice to reach,
The change of feature, gesture and of air,
By hope supported, or deprest by care;
And call to mind that dire, that fatal day
Which rent my hopes of happiness away,
When your cool manner, and your face sedate,
To my strict searching eyes proclaim'd my fate;
And for a time (both speech and motion fled)
I sat, a living image of the Dead.
Call then to mind—and let your mem'ry trace,
With care minute, the hist'ry of his face,
His words and actions, whose more happy lot
Gives him your love; my passion; truth forgot,
And own no strong emotion have you seen,
No transient glow of passion intervene,
Instant of joy, or momentary grief;
To give th' eternal sameness some relief.
But in their place one fix'd unchanging look,
Has, from the first, his features ne'er forsook,
Save for some loud, unmeaning burst of mirth,
Short, as the trifling cause which gave it birth.
His are the empty honours of a name
Which chance, not merit, has awak'd to fame,
A taller person—a more perfect health,
Productive business and profuser wealth.

Are these O woman! these the glorious fires,
And these the altars—where at once expires
Each great emotion, every thought refin'd,
The glow of genius, energy of mind,
And wond'rous powers which wing'd thy soul to rise
And mix'd with kindred fervor with the skies?
Must ev'ry nobler passion of the heart
Perish, uprooted by degenerate art?
And love—the heaven-born-soul's peculiar fire
At mammon's shrine, a sacrifice expire.

Go—in the dull and tasteless round of life
You'll lead with him, (who soon shall call you wife,)
In empty show, a solace seek to prove,
For the lost raptures of a genuine love.
When comes the day, as sure the day must come
For life, that takes you from your present home,
When to a husband's unresisted claim
You yield the honours of your virgin name,
You shall be led with an untrembling hand,
To where your friends and priest uniting stand;
From lips, which never glow'd, a cold faint kiss
Shall be your welcome, to connubial bliss;
The pomp of servants, carriages and show,
The charms, and fopperies that from fashion flow,
These shall be yours, and all the bliss that lies
In place, in riches, or from rank can rise,

But say, Elvira, lovely woman say,
Where do the hours of fond endearment stray;
Where are the days,—devoted to your will
The times your converse, your's alone can fill?
Seasons with you employ'd to search the lore
Of ancient sages,—and the times of yore?
Seasons with you,—directed to the care
Of smiling offspring happily to rear;
To form their manners, and their minds improve
In all the modes of science and of love.
You know them not—a staid punctilious form,
A strict attention—ne'er with feeling warm;
Solicitude—which tenderness forgot
In deeds appears, and occupies the thought.
And low submissions, where not ease, nor grace,
Nor manly dignity retain a place;
An empty converse, where no science shines,
Nor wit enchants, nor elegance refines;
These are the precious substitutes you gain
For faith sincere and love's delightful reign.
Nor look for confidence—that heart so cold
A secret never to another told,
Of friendship ne'er conceiv'd, for self it feels,
And to itself alone, its thoughts reveals.
I had receiv'd you with transporting joy,
With grief, our days had witness'd no aloy,
One course alone had seen the minutes move
Of fond endearment. confidence, and love.

Wretch that I am! ah who do I address?
One that disdains my endless truth to bless;
Who disbelieves that truth, that love contemns
With cold unfeeling heart, as feign'd condemns.
Pierc'd as I am, and hopeless of a cure
The very sorrows, I for her endure.
Insensate woman! is her bosom stone?
All virtue, passion, all sensation gone,
Feels not her heart? or feeling shrinks for shame,
That love t' acknowledge, which it dares disclaim.

O say Elvira, where has nature fled,
Thy youth, thy warmth, thy passion; are they dead?
Or yet with wicked, mean and cursed art,
Dar'st thou to stifle nature in thy heart;
Root out the best affections of the soul,
For wealth to flaunt, and influence to controul,
And with unblushing impudence deny
Love's power and being, with an impious lie;
Beneath affection's mask to hide a heart,
Which made for riches, feigns a lovers part.
Each way, presents to my distracted brain,
A dark Enigma, which I can't explain:
Can these to such a face, so fair, be join'd
A weak, unthinking, and unfeeling mind?
A face which looks so destitute of art,
Can it conceal a dark, insidious heart?
And Judas like, the lips with kindness glow,
While the soul meditates the secret blow?

Is this *Elvira*—This the peerless maid?
Whose love my bosom fir'd, my bosom sway'd—
O let me bless the fortunate decree;
Which set my spirit from her bondage free,

Yes let her go, and glorying in her shame
Of love connubial—gain an idle name,
And of the idol of her heart possest
Revel in wealth—and fancy she is blest;
Let pomp, distinction, equipage and show,
Raise her, self-flatter'd o'er the world below,
A while the vain delusions to enjoy
Which truth shall chase, possession shall destroy:
As the light mists, which dim the morning sky
Before the sun's returning radiance fly,
So shall they pass—and not desir'd return,
Banish the follies they shall leave to mourn.
  Deceitful passion which my soul ensnares,
Which blasts my hopes, my peace, my life impairs;
Bear me to where thy phrenzy wills to bear,
But from her shield me, from *Elvira* spare!
For tho' destruction o'er me lifts its arm,
Her love inspires me, and her beauties charm:
I view her form, I gaze upon her face,
Truth, virtue, honour, beauty there I trace;
Heaven bids unequal'd charms around her move
Friends, country, glory, what are you to love.
  Come then thou dark and damned fiend Despair,
With dire distraction, all my bosom tear.
O bid the tears of agony to roll
And with spasmodic anguish rack the soul!
Come with thy frantic furious, dæmon, train;
Bear me to some drear cave or darksome glen,
Where ravens croak, ghosts yell and serpents hiss,
And Hell seems open'd in the dread abyss;
There join'd with thee, for ever let me dwell,
And wait that passion, which I cannot quell;
But fly *Elvira* nor with ruffian force
Presume to touch that bosom with remorse?
  O beauteous woman! who while life shall last
(So in the future, as in all the past)
Unchang'd; shall view my constant love remain,
Farewell—and endless pleasure be thy gain.
I go, from happiness, from comfort hurl'd,
To plunge me in the dark, tempestuous world;
Sadly to mingle with the motly throng,
Borne wildly by the eddying waves along;
By sorrows, woes and agonies distrest,
With those I loathe, to places I detest;
With forc'd solicitude the gain to woo,
My heart contemns, my fates command pursue.
I leave that happy mean, that peaceful way,
Whereon through life, my feet would wish to stray,
To sink forgotten—in the drear retreat
Where black chill poverty has fixt her seat,
Or else to rise, with wealth oppres'd and cloy'd,
Wealth tasteless, empty, hated, unenjoy'd;
Yes unenjoy'd—since without you, no ray
Of cheering joy, shall gild my gloomy day:
But be you happy; may your husband prove
More than your hopes, more worthy of your love;
O may your children, rich in ev'ry grace,
Catch the bright features of their mother's face,
And live adorn'd with all that can engage,
Joy of your youth, and solace of your age.
While I shall sink untimely to the grave,
No eye to pity, outstretch'd arm to save.
Lost to ennobling praises of the good,
Nor in my offspring happily renew'd,
In life afflicted, desolate, unpriz'd
In death unknown, neglected and despis'd.

AMARYLLIS.

TO LAURA.

Sweet is the balmy breath of early spring,
  Which gaily roving o'er the flow'rets bed,
Sheds fragrant odours from soft Zephyr's wing,
  And bids arise its unassuming head.

But jealous winter often lags behind,
  And ere the springs gay pride is fairly blown,
Lets loose the blast, to his fell charge consign'd,
  And all her opening blossoms are o'erthrown.

So hope, reviv'd by *Laura's* witching smile,
  To brighter scenes, and loftier views would rise;
Nor prudence heeds, nor danger marks the while
  He gazes on those love-inspiring eyes!

Yet, sure, that beauteous, that ingenuous face
  Holds out no lure, affection to ensnare:
Truth, candour, virgin innocence we trace;
  And virtue's fairest promises are there.

I'll trust that Angel face and hold most dear
  The rapt'rous hope her sweetest smiles impart;
Be but thy facinating smile sincere,
  And willingly I yield my captive heart.

E.

On a little Man having a very large Beard.

BY ISAAC BEN KHALIF.

How can thy chin that burden bear?
  Is it all gravity to shock?
Is it to make the people stare,
  And be thyself a laughing-stock?

When I behold thy little feet
  After thy beard obsequious run,
I always fancy that I meet
  Some father followed by his son.

A man like thee scarce e'er appear'd—
  A beard like thine—where shall we find it?
Surely thou cherishest thy beard,
  In hopes to hide thyself behind it.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A's communication is received and will appear in our next.

We are sorry to be obliged to defer *Tyro*'s observations till next week.

Historical evidences of the truth of Christianity, will be continued in our next number.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
COLE & HEWES,
192 MARKET-STREET, BACK OF MESSRS. BONSALS' BOOK-STORE.